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THE Leacherous ANABAPTIST:

OR,

The Dipper Dipt.

A New Protestant Ballad,

To the Tune of *Packingtons Pound.*

1.

O Ye *Roundheads* and *Whiggs*, for ever be silent,
Cease to scandalize *Tory*, and honest *Tantivy*;
I'le tell you strange News that happened nigh *Lent*,
Which if you disprove, I swear I'le forgive ye:
Of Protestant *Francis*,
That tells us Romances,
Of horrible Plots more strange then *Miles Prances*;
For Frank *twelve* Geneva *good Bibles did proffer,*
To lie with his Maid, but she slighted his offer.

2.

This Protestant News-monger, and *Munster* Imp,
Endeavour'd to Switchel her upon the Sabbath,
And made his Bibles his leacherous Pimp;
But some think that they together near lay both:
For the Maid was as Chast
As *Lucretia*, at least,
But had he been *Tarquin*, there had been the Jest;
For Frank *twelve* Geneva *good Bibles did proffer,*
To lie with his Maid, but she slighted his offer.

3.

Then he offer'd one Bible if he might but Grope her,
But the resolute Quean still stoutly deny'd him;
Quoth she, Master *Frank* you a Leacherous Fop are,
And after that manner severely did chide him:
You're the Brethrens Teacher,
An *Anabaptist* Preacher:
Reply'd he then to her, You a Papist and Bitch are;
For Frank *twelve* Geneva *good Bibles did proffer,*
To lie with his Maid, but she slighted his offer.

4.

He writes twice a week News Domestick & Forrain,
As Seditious as *Care*, *Ben. Harris*, or *Curtis*;
Great Lyes in abundance from *France* & from *Lorrain*
But never says word of his Maid: what a Cur'tis?
He tells us strange Stories,
Of *Papists* and *Tories*;
But this I'le say for him, that his Maid no Whore is:
For Frank *twelve* Geneva *good Bibles did proffer,*
To lie with his Maid, but she slighted his offer.

5.

Then *Frank* be not angry cause she would not com-ply,
For Saints in this world have misfortunes & crosses:
Suppose that she had the best Thing you could try,
You could have but tickled it with your *Probosses*;
After that you wou'd curse,
You were not starv'd at Nurse,
Because you would then be twelve Bibles the worse:
For Frank *twelve* Geneva *good Bibles did proffer,*
To lie with his Maid, but she slighted his offer.

6.

From this Godly deed, St. *Francis*, you're call'd,
Because you endeavour'd to save your Maids Soul,
Though Satan your Pious intentions forestall'd,
And the Scriptures could not prevail on the Fool:
Though she wou'd not grant,
Yet deny it we can't,
But that you deserv'd to be called a Saint;
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LONDON: Printed for *Benjamin Harris*, 1681.

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Francis Smith Bookseller.

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